THE BELMONT CHRONICLE.

AND FARMERS, MECHANICS, AND MANUFACTURERS' ADVOCATE.

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POETRY.

For the Chronicle.

A WORD TO THE LADIES.

BY BELL KLAPPER.

I'll give you, Ladies young and old,
Some happy speculations;
That have occurred as I've been told,
'Mong womens' regulations.
You all have heard, I know full well,
Of Woman's rights, progressing;
But this, I do not mean to tell
Will prove a twofold blessing.

Far from it, if the coast was clear,
And Woman ruled co-equal;
Why, Man would cease to be sincere;
Then what would be the sequel:
Nought but contention and dismay
Would fill each peaceful dwelling;
When one went, 'tother would'nt stay,
And neither would bear telling.

Now, strife and discord should be quell'd
Before it gets to thunder;
Though Woman should not be expell'd,
Or triflingly knocked under.

But listen Ladies, while I tell
This pleasant little dapper;
If Woman e'er would be the bell,
Why, Man must be the clapper.

Then if in unison and law,
They harmonize most sweetly;
But if they each contain a flaw,
T will spoil the whole completely.
If each one knows what work to do,
Then, without any bother,
They gently pass life's journey through,
Dependent on each other.

But maidens, ye who never yet
Have trod the path of sorrow;
With all your jewels richly set,
To gleam so bright, to morrow,
Don't strive too hardly to be belles,
Arrayed in morning wrappers;
You'd blush to own the truth, which tells
Your Ma's must be the clappers.

Better be self dependent, now,
While youth and health are left you,
Than to be humbly forced to bow,
With no one to direct you.---
But hark! methinks I heard one say,
"I wish that I could nab her,
I'd teach her how to give fair play,
That saucy, pert Bell Klapper."

It can't be helped, I must speak out,
I think just what I've told you;
But it you'll mind what you're about
I'll have no room to scold you.---
I'll have to change my name, I will,
Or else be termed a rapper;
My tongue is loose, I cant be still
While ever I'm Bell Klapper.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From Hogg's Instructor.

THE CHRISTMAS BRIDE.

CHAPTER I.

"THEY will be here soon, I should think," said the youngest of three sisters, who were gathered close round the fire, in the well furnished drawing room of one of the principal houses in the suburbs of Brankleigh, a large manufacturing town in the north of England.

"How old it will feel," said the second sister, to call her 'mama;' a girl no older than one's self! But I shall never think of doing it: will you, Carry!"

"Just like you, Jane, to have such an idea at all. Of course, we shall at first call her 'Mrs. Sellers;' &, if she should turn out tolerably agreeable on further acquaintance, we may even get so far as her Christain name."

"Which is, I believe, Martha. What a plain, common name! I would rather be called anything. But, Carry, what a strange creature she must be, if you really come to think of it, to marry a man like my father! I should as soon have dreamed of marrying old West, the apothecary. If she had been a woman of forty, I should not have wondered, or even a very poor person; but for a girl of three-and-twenty, and an heiress——"

The young lady's wonderment was interrupted by the sound of a carriage-wheels and a bustle at the outer gate; and the three sisters ran to the windows, to have the first glimpse of the bride.

The morning had been intensely cold, and now large flakes of snow were gently falling. The windows in which the young ladies stationed themselves, commanded a view of what was called by courtesy the lawn. At the end of this, and nearly opposite the hall-door were the large, green, pallished gates, opening on to a carriage drive that ran round the lawn, and was somewhat disproportioned to the size of the grounds. The carriage came slowly on, cranching beneath its wheels the dead leaves that had fallen during the morning. The sisters caught sight of a straw bonnet, trimmed with rose-colored ribbons; and in another moment the carriage stopped, and a good-looking man of about fifty descended from it. He took out a few packages and then offered his hand to the lady within. The sisters had, by this time, reached the hall-steps, just in time to be introduced to the wearer of the straw bonnet,

"What do you think of her," said Jane to Carry, when, having left Isabella with the bride, they retired to their own apartment, to dress for dinner.

"I can scarcely tell. She appears to be very plainly dressed, and is just one of those who are neither one thing nor another in appearance: neither plain nor handsome, tall nor short, dark nor light. I hope she is not a quiz. I am inclined to think so, from her being dressed so very plainly for a bride; and a woman with a handsome fortune too.

"Well, we shall see, Here comes Bella."

Numerous were the questions asked of Isabella, and very unsatisfactory were her replies, In fact, it became evident that their father's young wife was not to be understood upon one interview.

"I like her, too," said Isabella, "I think she is very kind; and I fancy she *can* look pretty. But she is rather tired with her long journey; and in the plain dark-green alapaca in which she travelled——"

"Oh! that was alapaca, was it? I did not notice. Only fancy, alapaca for a bride!"

The dinner-bell rang.

"Oh, dear! Carry, just clasp my bracelet. I had no idea it was so late; and here we have been chattering. Papa will be so angry,"

But papa was not angry at all. He was seated by the drawing-room fire, talking to his young wife; who had placed herself on a low ottoman by his side, and was looking up into his face with such an expression of loving confidence, that the sisters were quite struck by it.

"How odd!" they whispered to each other, as they proceeded to the dining-room; "she really loves him, then."

So possessed were they by this novel idea, that they forget to mark her dress, which would at another time have claimed all their attention. She was attired in a rich black satin, made as plainly as possible, There was not a single ornament of any kind, save a little trimming of good lace; yet it well became the youthful bride, whose appearance was striking, from its very simplicity.

The second Mrs, Sellers was evidently a character, and that of no ordinary kind.—Calm and self-possessed in manner, her high, wide forehead presented a splendid study for a prenologist, She had clear, dark eyes, that looked the very mirror of innocence and trusting affection; but there was a depth in them, a depth inscrutable to ordinary observers, which concealed a truly masculine energy of thought and feeling. Her peculiarities, however, as evinced by her conversation and daily course of proceeding, will be best developed in the progress of our tale.

"How cold it is!" said Mr. Sellers as, the dinner having been removed, and the wine & dessert placed on the table, the party of five drew their chairs round the fire.—"How cold it is!" he repeated, rubbing his hands over the cheerful blaze.

"Shall I prepare you some walnuts?" asked his youthful wife, placing herself next him, and smiling in his face with that devoted look of hers.

"My dear, you are very kind."

"Papa," said Isabella, "when will it be Christmas day?"

"Can't you calculate, my love! To-day is the 13th. It will be on the—let me see——"

"On Thursday-week, papa," said Jane. "I like it best to occur on Thursday. It is several years since it fell on that day."

The subject seemed to annoy Mr. Sellers. As Jane proceeded in her speech, his brow darkened, and he turned away, and hastily drank off a bumper of port. His wife looked up at him with a glance of anxious inquiry.

"Thursday!" continued the unconscious Jane, who was singularly devoid of tact and perception. "Where were we living when Christmas-day was on a Thursday! I must have been quite a child."

"Jane, can't you hold your chattering tongue!" whispered her elder sister, angrily.

Mrs. Sellers sat with downcast eyes. She felt that she was treading an unknown ground. Jane looked offended, and her sisters uncomfortable; while their father preserved an absolute silence. A few seemingly insignificant words had destroyed the harmony of the party. But the young bride was full of benevolence; so she resumed her preparation of the walunts, and asked her husband to pour out half a glass of sherry.

"Did you ever hear," she asked in her peculiarly winning voice, "of the practice of soaking walnuts in cherry! See, I have filled the glass. Taste how good they are."

Her husband smiled kindly upon her, and took the glass. The girls lifted their drooping heads, and the conversation resumed its usual tone; but no farther mention was made of the unfortunate Christmas Thursday.

"I wonder," said Caroline, as she took off a magnificent amethyst and emerald brooch, in her dressing-room that evening—"I wonder why the new Mrs. Sellers wears no ornaments, Did you ever see a bride dressed so plainly! She must have some ornaments.—We will make her show us her jewel-box."

"She is a kind creature," said Isabella.—"How fond my father appears to be of her! His face is quite altered when he looks at her. Do you know, I really think I shall give over calling her so formally, 'Mrs. Sellers!' "

"But then, 'Martha!' I can never manage the 'Martha,' " said Carry. "And as to saying 'mamma,' it is quite ridiculous; such a simple-looking body, with no womanly airs about her."

"She will wonder," said Jane, "what we meant about Thursday and Christmas-day.—You pinched my arm so, Carry, that I am sure it is black and blue- Yes: see the marks of your thumb and finger. How should I remember that poor dear sister——"

"Hush! Jane; I can't bear to hear about it. My father has been a different man ever since. You and Isabella were to young to know all the sorrows of that dreadful time. I believe it killed mamma."

In how many families is there some sorrowful mystery, some fault committed by a once beloved and esteemed member of the household, and over which is cast the veil of silence moistened with the secret tears of vain regret.

On the day of the bride's arrival at her future home, and while she was sitting with her husband and his children in their comfortable dining-room, another and very different scene was passing in another quarter of the same town.

CHAPTER II.

Our readers must proceed with us along one of the oldest and filthiest streets of Brankleigh; where the rumble of carts passing along from the coal-staiths and corn and iron warehouses, added to the uncouth cries of the dirty children playing about in the mud, and the oaths and loud talking of the brutalized men who pursued their several callings in the midst of the smoke and impure smells of the place, formed by no means a fitting atmosphere for one who had to gain her hard-earned bread by the labors of her pen. Yet there she sat, in the close, confined room of a small lodging, leaning her head upon her hand, and endeavoring to elaborate from her confused brain a short tale for one of the periodicals.

"Mary, dearest," called a faint voice from the adjoining bedroom.

The authoress obeyed the call with a sigh, which she smothered as she drew near the bed of the invalid.

"What is it, dear!" she asked, in her most cheerful tone, as she gently drew back the curtain, and leaned over the bed.

"I think, Mary, I shall be able to get up. I feel a little stronger this afternoon, sweet wife."

"Thank God for it, darling. But take care you are not exerting yourself too soon."

The sufferer raised himself in the bed.—"Feel," he said, "how much better my pulse is."

She took his emaciated wrist between her fingers, and counted its feeble throbbings.

"Yes, it is improved. Fuller, and not so intermitting. How pleased Mr. Fairlegh will be to find you so much better!"

"By the by, Mary, where is the paper he brought me yesterday!"

"Here, love, in the closet. I put it out of your way until it was proper for you to read it."

"Have you looked at it! Any particular news!"

"No, I have been too busy. Dearden, the editor of the 'Lady's Scrap-Book," you know wrote to me to send him an article on a particular subject; so I set to at once, and have been busy at it until now."

"Well, that is good news, at any rate.—Now, darling, help me to dress."

The invalid was speedily attired in his old blue dressing-gown, and laid on the little hard sofa in the sitting-room.

"The room feels close," he said. "Have you had the window open to-day!"

"No, dear. The carts make such a noise; and, besides, though I don't know where it comes from, there is a most disagreeable smell. I just put my head out early this morning, and it made me quite sick. So I closed the window again; and here I have been writing—writing—all the day, even while you enjoyed that sweet slumber which has so revived you. No wonder you feel the room close. I will set the door open, if you don't mind that crying child in the opposite chamber."

"No, never mind. Let us have tea; and sit by me on the sofa, my dearest. While you make tea, I will have a look at the paper."

So Mary gave her husband the paper, and set handily about her business of preparing tea. She put two little spoonfulls of congou in the pot, with a pinch of carbonate of soda, to make it draw. Then, going to the old mahogany side-board, she took from one of the deep drawers at the side a small pot of marmalade, a little loaf, and some sugar and butter. These, with a pennyworth of cream which was brought by the milkman to the door, and served them for both tea and breakfast, constituted their meal.

Just as the delicate-looking little woman seated herself upon the sofa, as her husband had requested, and proceeded to pour out the tea, she was startled by a violent exclamation; and, looking anxiously at him, perceived his emaciated face all in a glow.

"What is the matter, dear Henry!" she said. "What affects you so much!"

"Something that concerns you, Mary, much more nearly than myself. Who would have believed it! What strang things do happen, to be sure! I wonder what your sisters will say to it,"

"Give me the paper, dear, and let me see this wonderful news for myself. You are far too excitable, Henry. Where is the place! Do show me,"

"There, little woman. Who is excitable now!"

Mary looked fondly in her husband's face, and took his long, thin fingers within her own while she read:—"On the 12th instant, at St. James's Church, Cotterell, by the Rev. Walter Thomas——." Why, Henry, this is never my father who has been getting married again! It must be a hoax. My poor dear mother! Surely he would never wish to replace her."

"The 12th instant," musingly remarked the husband. "The 12th;—what is to-day, love!"

"Wednesday was the 10th. It is the 13th. There must be some mistake. Why! the paper is nearly a month old, and we have been reading it for a new one. How out of the world we are!"

"Out of every world but your literary one, my dear. I can't imagine how Fairlegh could make such a mistake as to bring me such an old paper."

"This cannot be a hoax, either," said Mary resuming the topic of the marriage. And yet my father is the last man in the world whom I should have expected to take such a step. I wonder whether she is young or old. A little more marmalade, dearest?"

"While we are wondering," said Henry, smiling, "we might as well just think where our Christmas-dinner is to come from."

"Ah! I have not thought of that yet," said Mary; "Christmas-day is—when!"

"On Thursday week. We have hitherto managed to keep Christmas in some fashion; and, though matters are worse with us now than ever before——"

"We will have a Christmas pudding, won't we, love, though we pinch a little for it!—Well, we will see; there are twelve days yet. How I should like a peep at the second Mrs. Sellers! Bah! the word does not seem natural. I never *will* call her "mother," whatever age she may be."

"Now, I consider that unkind of my little wife. Suppose she should turn out a very angel, a 'Christmas angel!' "

"Nonsense, Henry. Do you suppose that any one *could* equal my own dear mother!"

Mary wiped a tear from her eye, and rose to clear away the tea-things, and revive the scanty fire, which had sunk down to a few red ashes. She then went to the window, and stood for a few minutes observing the shivering passengers below, who hurried along in the lamp-light; hats, bonnets, and shoulders whitened with the snow that fell in huge flakes, but melted immediately on the trampled mud of the pavement, moist with the rain of the previous day.

"Here comes Mr. Fairlegh at last," she exclaimed. "How thankful you ought to be, Henry, for such a friend! He never fails you hail, rain, or snow. Poor man! it is a pity he has not plenty of money. He would know how to turn it to good account."

"Ah! wife, thou art mercenary, I fear."

"No; I only meant——"

The door opened, and in came a tall, well-built, gentlemanly-looking man, with a huge head of curly black hair, sprinkled with gray, which he had the habit of holding down, as if immersed in the abstraction of deep reflection. When he raised his remarkable head, and looked straight at you with his thoughtful black eyes, shining from under prominent and shaggy brows, it needed a most perfect candor and rectitude of intention to meet that scrutiny unblenched; for you felt that there stood a man whose perception penetrated all disguises and pettinesses of feeling, and who possessed, besides a stern sense of justice that was ready to expose and annihilate everything that was not genuine. With the false and hypocritical he was a very Joab; but innocence and confident integrity experienced an indescribable sense of protection in his benevolent presence and were drawn towards him as by an irresistable attraction. Children and dogs always ran to claim acquaintance with Andrew Fairlegh; and children and dogs generally know pretty well what they are about in matters of affection.

This man, such as we describe him, walked into the little parlor where Henry Drummond was still lying extended on the sofa, and advancing towards the fire shook himself like a huge dog. Then laying aside his shaggy great coat, and a massive stick that he always carried, and which was so like him in general appearance, that his friends considered it a part of him, he first took Mary's hand with a kindly greeting, and then seating himself beside the invalid, entered into an examination of his condition.

"All well, so far," he said, in his deep musical voice. "Our little nurse performs her duty well. Not like many a wife, who will "my love" and "my dear" her good-man while he is able to attend to his business, & buy her satin gowns to gossip about in, and will set off, as soon as the poor fellow fails in health and pocket to complain among her acquaintance how extravagant he *has been*, and how irritable and troublesome he *is*."

[CONTINUED]

☞The people of England seem to be seriously indignant, at what they consider Prince Albert's interferance in the affairs of Government. He is suspected of leaning towards Russia, and of prohibiting, by his intrigues, the Cabinet from taking that strong ground for the protection of Turkey which the honor of England requires. The consequence is, he is assailed about matters which otherwise would have been 'passed over. He has heretofore been quite popular, but will soon become odious if the present indignant feeling continues. The following article from one of the leading London papers, shows that when the honor of Old England is at stake the press speaks in a tone to make even Prince quail:

PUBLIC OPINION AGAINST PRINCE ALBERT.

To the Editor of the Morning Advertiser:

SIR:—The consternation which has been produced by the articles contained in your columns of the past week upon Court and Coburg matters, and the eagerness with which your journal is seized upon at every club in the metropolis, and in all the large towns in the country, proven not only that the shoe pinches, but that the public approve of your views. Already I observed that a hungry Coburg, who arrived only on Saturday last at Windsor, announces his departure for this day, (Monday.) Be assured that only for your observations this wandering Coburg would not have packed off in such haste. I can likewise venture to prophesy that, thanks to you, we shall hear no more of Admiral Corry "engaging a house for the winter at New Lisbon," as was announced a short time since by a foreign correspondent. It would be interesting to see a return of the sums of money spent by the British fleets at Lisbon during the last five or six years and likewise a return of sailors stabbed during the same period by the grateful inhabitants of that town and be it remembered that one of the earliest quarrels between Lord Palmerston & our Coburg Prince, arose from his lordship's unwillingness to send a British fleet to support Donna Maria and her Coburg husband in their misdeeds and exertions.

The country will submit without complaining to the loss of Lord de Tabley or Lord Alfred Paget, or a score more of such vapid and useless hangers on of the Court, sent to condole with the cousin of our Coburg Prince, but the country will not much longer put up with the employment of a British fleet, paid for by British taxes, as a plaything, or an instrument of tyranny by a Coburg Prince. Before entering upon the history of the Ministers and men now high in office, who owe their elevation to the German influence prevalent in the councils of the nation, I propose taking a short review of the antecedents of the Prince—the head of that party.

It may not be quite in the recollection of your readers that some years back when Parliament decided upon granting a less sum of money to our Coburg Prince than that asked for by the then Minister of the day, it was loudly proclaimed in the heart of anger and disappointment, that he would lay his hand upon every place falling vacant, until he had made good the difference between the sum asked; and most scrupulously has the royal word been kept on this point, commencing from the day the £30,000 a year, I believe, granted by Parliament, was paid down to the unseemly act of injustice committed against all the veterans of the British army in seizing the command of the Grenadier Regiment of Guards, on the death of the Duke of Wellington, against the express declaration of a Commission of the House of Commons, who stated that the command of these regiments was, in future, to be the reward of old and meritorious officers. In what possible way can the Prince come under either of these heads! He never really commanded a corporal's guard in his life, while he has robbed British veterans of the reward held out to them for long and distinguished services. He may be seen two or three times a year, on a warm, (but not *too* sunny) morning, trying to take the command of a battalion of Guards in Hyde Park, but we believe, that of late his attempts even to make himself understood in giving the word of command, have been so unsuccessful, that he has relinquished even this arduous duty, and will, for the future, be satified with pocketing the additional few hundred annually which he will receive for being Colonel of a regiment of three instead of two battalions, as formerly. Is there no independent member of Parliment to ask why an unfortunate half pay lieutenant or captain receiving four or five shilelngs a day, is mulcted out of his wretched pittance on receiving a civil appointment! And yet the personage in question is allowed to seize upon every place that falls vacant, in addition to the £30,000 a year, which was certainly given to him as a payment in full of all demands.

I fear to intrude further on your space today. It seems that Lord Palmerston has been persuaded to join the Cabinet again upon his own terms. The Times has been well rated, and made to write *two* separate articles of apology, one to Lord Palmerston, and the other to the Emperor of the French. Lord Palmerston knows as well as I can tell him, that he is both hated and feared by most of his colleagues and their German master, but I believe him to know equally well, that if he does not take a stick to them both upon all occasions, they will trip him up again, as they have already done twice before. I am, sir, yours, &c., L. W.

Dec. 26, 1853.

Items from the Patent Office Report for 1852—3.

We find the following interesting items from the last Patent Office Report, prepared by the editor of the *Genesee Farmer*, in the *Register and Examiner*, of West Chester, Pa, —a journal that selects and condenses with skill and judgment.

"Judging from all the returns that have reached the Patent Office, the farmers of Ohio produce not only more wheat in the aggregate, than those of any other State, but more bushels per acre on an average."

"In some counties in this State, the barn-yard manure is designedly wasted, as the soil does not require it, and it is removed from the yard only because this is cheaper than to move the barn. It is noticed, however, that the average yield on old lands is less per acre than formerly."

"The best remedy," says one writer, "for Hessian flies and weevils, is the propagation and care of the fussy and feathering tribes of the air. To the swallows in general, but more particularly to the chimney swallow, is assigned the duty of waging successful and incessant war, during the warm season and until late in the fall, upon those immense armies of insects which float in the summer breeze, the *weevil* and *fly* included. These birds, as is generally well known, procure all their food, consisting of insects, on the wing. After their broods have been reared, they partake of but two meals a day—breakfast and supper. In the morning they range further; in the evening they procure their food nearer their domicil. When feeding their young they are busy all day."

"Now, if these birds can be multiplied to any desirable extent on every farm, I submit whether their being so multiplied would not insure our wheat crops against the ravages of all insects. The house I live in," continues the writer, "has been built twenty seven years; it has two stacks of chimneys, with two flues in each from the second floor. One of these chimneys, and one flue of the other, is every summer and fall exclusively devoted to the use of swallows: there they are permitted to breed undisturbed, and all available means are resorted to to remedy accidents. Thus:—

"In selecting steers for the yoke, judgment and skill are necessary; in temper motion, build and size, they should be alike; docility, mild temper, rather quick motion, a tight and heavy build, and large size, are the desirable qualities of a work-ox, If the opposite of any of these qualities are found in a steer selected from the yoke, dismiss him at one, and substitute another."

Another writer says, "the best remedy for the Hessian fly is to sow between the 15th and 20th of September, giving time for a frost before the wheat is up enough for the insect. If the insect should get in the wheat the best method is to turn on sheep and feed it short in the fall."

"If proper selections were made from native cattle, and the same care and feed afforded in rearing such selections as are given to the Durhams, I think a stock of cattle might be produced that would compare favorably with blooded stock."

In speaking of potatoes, the following anecdote is related: "A lumberman in St. Lawrence county, New York, economised in this way; potatoes were scarce and dear; he wished to eat and plant out of his small stock; he took his knife and carefully cut each eye out, not much larger than a dime, and saved the residue for eating. In planting, he found he had not seed enough to cover his ground. Another resort was had to the knife; each eye was carefully divided into four parts; four pieces only were put in a hill. He harvested a good crop, as good from the latter as from the former cuttings."

The following, in answer to a circular from the Patent Office, written by a farmer of Michigan, deserves to be extensively copied.

"Millions of the United States revenue are expended in protecting our commerce. All right. The army and navy, and West Point to boot, are never overlooked, but come in for *all* the *glory* and full pay. All right again. But how stands the case with the great mass! Five millions of farm laborers, who have caused civilization and science to tread close upon the retreating heel of the 'red man'—who have made the wilderness to 'bud and blossom as the rose'—have made the 'solitary place become vocal'—who have performed the Herculean task of clearing up the vast expanse of forest from Maine to Texas, and from Florida to the great northern Lakes —who have covered the domain with fertile fields and thrifty hamlets—who have checkered it with roads and thoroughfares—have dotted its surface with school houses and churches—who have done more than all other classes united, to make this 'the land of the free and the home of the brave,'—what has Congress done for them! Why, they have indirectly taxed them for more than two-thirds of the revenues, and given them—what! The Patent Office Report; a work of real worth and utility, a treasure indeed to the farmer who is forunate enough to get a copy. If the supply were equal to the demand, it would give greater satisfaction."

"The halls of Congress are filled with legal and commercial men, but few farmers find a seat there; which, in some measure, accounts for their interests being overlooked."

"As a class, however, we are willing to forget the past if we can but have the assurance that the prospects of the future shall not be dimmed by neglect."

"We feel like swinging our caps, and giving nine of our loudest cheers to the few choice spirits who assembled at Washington last summer, and formed a National Agricultural Society. Their names are a guarantee that something will be done. It is hoped that they will carry the 'war into Africa' with Congress, and press the subject home upon that body so strenuously, that our interests will be duly considered."

"The farmer and planters are unable to establish experimental schools, that would have the desired effect. An institution of this kind should have an 'odor of national ty about it.' In conclusion I would suggest to the National Agricultural Society at Washington to sound the reveille in earnest, and the yeomanry of every State and Territory in this broad Republic will muster and stand ready to wheel into line at the tap of the drum. The farmers are ripe for action; all that is necessary is to 'go ahead.'"

"The growing and fattening of *mules* is now considered the most profitable business of the farmer in Kentucky. So many persons are engaged in it that it has increased the demand for young mules so much, that large numbers have been brought from Indiana, Illinois and Missouri, to be prepared for market in this region of Kentucky. They are generally sold again at two or three years old, and the price is from $75 to 150, according to quality very inferior ones are sold lower, and superior ones higher. A feeder of mules told me to day that the cost of feeding was about $2 a month the first year, from the time of weaning, and $3 a month the second year. The weaning is generally at five or six months old."

A letter from the territory of Oregon will furnish some idea of its agriculture. "The average product wheat per acre is about 30 bushels. The price of wheat, at this time, cannot be considered as a general thing. It is now worth at our barns $3 per bushels, & our best markets are paying $5 per bushel. The average yearly product of butter per cow is 75 pounds; average price per pound, fifty cents. The cost of rearing neat cattle till three years old, is nothing more than a little salt, and a little time to look after them. At that age they are worth for beef from eight to twelve cents per pound. Milch cows are worth from $60 to $85."

THE RESCUERS OF THE SAN FRANCISCO'S PASSENGERS.

DISTRIBUTION OF FUNDS.—The final meeting of the New York Committee to raise subscriptions to reward the officers and crews of those vessels which so nobly saved so many of the passengers of the San Francisco, was held in that city on Saturday, when it was announced that the sum of $17,350 had been collected. The following appropriations of the funds were then made by the committee:

To the captains of the Three Bells, Antartic, and Kilby, $2,500 each, and a gold watch; to the first mate of each vessel $220 each, and a gold watch; to each of the second mates $200 each, and a gold watch; to each of the officers $100, and a gold medal; to each seaman $50, and a silver medal.

To the captain of the Lucy Thompson, a service of plate worth $1,000; to the first mate, $250; to the second mate and petty officers, half as much as to the officers of the three other vessels.

To Capt. Watkins, of the San Francisco, a service of plate, to cost $1,000; to the first engineer $500, and a gold medal.

To Lieut. Murray, a service of plate valued at $1,000.

To the first officer of the San Francisco $250, and a gold medal; to the second officer $100, and a gold medal; to sailors of the Lucy Thompson $25 cash.

The plate committee was authorized to call a public meeting, for the presentation of the same.

Mr. Cunard, on entering the room, said he had $925—and Mr. Kingsland $700. Mr Leigh moved the gold medal for all the officers, and the silver medals for all the sailors. He also moved that in addition to the medals, the first officers be appropriated $250, and to the second officers $200, and to the third officers $100. The motions were adopted.

Mr. Leigh then further moved that, to the captain of the three Bells, $5,000 be appropriated, as he had done the most work; to the captain of the Antartic, 3,000; and to the captain of the Kilby, $2,000.

Mr. Aspinwall stated that he was credibly informed that the captain of the Three Bells (Creighton) entered into a contract with the quartermaster to save the passengers of the San Francisco, but he thought the fact detracted nothing from the praise which had been awarded him. In answer to an inquiry, Mr. Aspinwall further stated that he believed the same contract was entered into with all the vessels.

Mr. Duer urged the distinction, because the captain of the Three Bells was a foreigner, and therefore entitled to the more praise.

Much opposition was evinced to the motion of Mr. Leigh, giving a large sum to the captain of the Three Bells than to the captains of the other two vessels. Mr. Tileston hoped no such distinction would be made. He was sure Capt. C, would not thank them for it. Finally, Mr. Brown moved to amend Mr. Leigh's motion, by appropriating $2,500 to each of the three captains. The amendment prevailed.

ORIGIN OF THE CHINA REBELLION.—The Rev. Mr. Tonyson Yates, an American Baptist Missionary at Shanghai, has sent home the following account of what he believes to be the true origin of the present movement in China:

SHANGHAI, 22d Sept., 1853.

There are at present stopping in our mission, two lads, whose identity is not known, except to our mission. One, a boy of fifteen, is the son of the 'Southern King,' the other a lad of eighteen or twenty, who was on the last Sabbath received into our Church by baptism, is the nephew and adopted son of the 'Southern King,' (one of the four great leaders of the rebellion in China.)--From these young men, (the elder of whom is well acquainted with all the circumstances that led to the first hostile demonstrations) we have been able to get correct information, touching the origin of the rebellion.

From these young men, we learn that Hung Suchuen, (at present known as 'Taiping Wang,') having embraced the Christian religion, destroyed every sign of idolatry about his house and school room, (for he was a teacher of a high school,) and gave much attention to publishing the Gospel. Desciples of the new doctrine multiplied rapidly.

Soon, this innovation upon the ancient customs, attracted the attention of the authorities of Quang See, (for it was in this interior province, far removed from foreign influence, that this new thing started.)

"The authorities in question attempted to crush the new religion by persecution, but it only attraction attention to it. Finding that the new sect was daily and rapidly increasing, they (the civil and military authorities) beheaded two of the disciples, thinking that this rigid measure would suppress this disorderly body. But so far from this effect, they (the Christians who had increased by this time to quite a considerable number) took up arms in defence of their religion and called upon God to aid and defend them.

"The imperialists in an engageement with them, were routed, with great loss. The Christian army increased rapidly, till they were able to withstand any force that might be brought against them. The Christian army was now fairly committed They well knew that they must be delivered from the bondage of the imperial yoke, both civil and religious, or death was certain. They formed the design of subverting the government: with the intention of establishing in its stead a liberal and Christian government.

They issued tracts and circulars, in which they attacked the abuses and corruptions of the civil authorities and the religious teachers, &c, They destroyed idols and circulated portions of the Scriptures and religious tracts, and preached to the people a purer religion. All this, strange to say, secured them the favor of the people, and their thousand was soon multiplied. Thus Hung Su Chuen commenced about three years ago.—Since then, he has fought many battles.

"In every place he exposes the corruptions of the mandarins and priests, destroys idols, circulates the Scriptures and religious tracts, (many of which were of his own production, in which, of course, there are many errors,) and preaches the Gospel. His main army is now before Pekin. Considering all the circumstances of the present rebellion in China, viewed either in a civil or religious point of view, it is without a parallel in the history of the world."

EASTERN AND WESTERN FREIGHT.—The amount of freight being daily conveyed both east and west over the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, is said to be immense, beyond all precedent in the history of the road, or the expectations of its most sanguine friends. The Parker Vein Steamers, although seven of them are now on the line, find it difficult to take all the freight offering, and are bringing large quantities of merchandize on their return trips, for transportation westward. The vessels of the Cumberland Coal Company are also doing a large freighting business between Baltimore and New York, and Lo-